LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.] *Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, January* 6, 1807. [No. 5.

SELECTIONS.

———"*Ah!" long immur'd*
noon-tide darkneſs by the glimm'ring lamp,
muſe and each fair ſcience pin'd away
ſordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
their myſteries profan'd, unſtrung the lyre,
And chain'd the ſoaring pinion down to earth.
AKENSIDE.

THE deſtruction of the Alexandrian Library by Amrou in the year 640, has been a theme of perpetual regret to the literati of every ſucceeding age and nation. In this barbarous and wanton conflagration it has been ſuppoſed, that many of the firſt authors of antiquity have periſhed, and that, in fact, the greater part of the learning of the ancient world was, in conſequence of this event, for ever buried in oblivion. Some writers, however, and thoſe too of great reſpectability, have ventured to diſbelieve the accounts given us of this licentious act of power, and aſſert that the ſentence of Omar is repugnant to the law of Mahomed, which expreſsly enjoins that the religious books of the Jews and Chriſtians, acquired by the right of war, ſhould never be deſtroyed; and that the productions of profane ſcience, hiſtory, poetry, philoſophy, &c. may be lawfully made uſe of for the benefit of the faithful. Abulpharagius, from whoſe Dynaſties this relation of the burning of the Alexandrian Library is taken, lived ſix hundred years after the event, whilſt annaliſts of a much earlier date, chriſtians and natives of Egypt, have been perfectly ſilent on the ſubject. One of theſe, the patriarch Eutychius, has given a copious and accurate deſcription of the conqueſt of Alexandria, without mentioning a ſingle circumſtance relative to the loſs of the library.—Renaudot and the celebrated Gibbon conſider the account of Abulpharagius as a mere fiction; "the tale has been repeatedly tranſcribed," ſays the latter, "and every ſcholar, with pious indignation, has deplored the irreparable ſhipwreck of the learning, the arts and the genius of antiquity. For my own part I am ſtrongly tempted to deny both the fact and the conſequences."

What tends ſtrongly to prove that the deſtruction of theſe volumes by fire did not take place, is the vaſt treaſure of antiquity yet remaining with us. To aſcertain, however, the truth or falſehood of this relation, and alſo what we have ſuffered through the depredations of time, ignorance and bigotry, and what quantity of ancient literature we ſtill enjoy, it will be neceſſary to appeal to ſome celebrated Critic, who lived at a period when Grecian and Roman literature were yet entire. Happily in the perſon of Quintilian we find a ſure and almoſt unerring guide; I have no heſitation indeed, in pronouncing him the firſt critic of antiquity. He has commented upon, and in a ſtyle exquiſitely adapted to the ſubject, all the firſt writers of Greece and Rome. "I have often peruſed with pleaſure," ſays Gibbon, "a chapter of Quintilian, in which that judicious critic enumerates and appreciates the ſeries of Greek and Latin claſſics." By comparing therefore what now remains to us of ancient literature with what exiſted in the age of Quintilian, we ſhall be able accurately to unfold our loſſes, and to aſcertain our wealth.

Quintilian flouriſhed at a period when all the firſt-rate authors of Greece and Rome, with the exception of Tacitus, Pliny and Juvenal, had acquired by the ſober verdict of Time, unperiſhable glory; and it may not be uſeleſs, or unintereſting, previous to our entering upon the direct ſubject of theſe papers, to preſent the reader with a ſhort ſketch of the life of this ingenious critic.

Quintilian was born at Calagurris in Spain, but neither the period of his birth, nor of his death, can, with any certainty, be fixed.—Galba, it is ſaid, firſt brought him to Rome, where he taught rhetoric, with great reputation, for better than twenty years, and frequently pleaded at the bar with a ſucceſs that conferred on him much applauſe. He was preceptor to Pliny the Younger and many other literary characters, and Domitian entertained ſo high an opinion of his abilities that he appointed him tutor to the two princes whom he had deſtined to the imperial purple. Diſguſted however with the ſplendour and vices of a court, and the turbulence and tumults of the capital, he obtained permiſſion of the Emperor to enjoy the reſidue of his life in retirement. In this rural ſecluſion he compoſed his *Inſtitutiones Oratoriæ*, and his treatiſe *De Cauſis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, productions which have immortalized his name, and been of eſſential ſervice to the cauſe of literature. He is termed by Warton "one of the moſt rational and elegant of Roman writers," and he juſtly obſerves "no author ever adorned a ſcientifical treatiſe with ſo many beautiful metaphors." The misfortunes, however, incident to humanity, and which aſſail the roof of the philoſopher with as much facility as the dome of regal ſplendour, embittered the latter days of Quintilian. In the introduction to the ſixth book of the inſtitutions he laments in the moſt pathetic manner the death of his wife and of his two ſons with whom he had enjoyed the pureſt harmony and domeſtic felicity. Solitary, and, as it is ſaid, in a ſtate of indigence, he bitterly felt his deprivations, and has certainly indulged his ſorrow to exceſs when he accuſes the deſigns and exiſtence of a providence. The inſtitutions of Quintilian lay buried in oblivion for many centuries, and it is the common opinion that they were not diſcovered until the year 1415, when Poggio Bracciolini found them in an old tower of the Monaſtery of St. Gall; but Petrarch affirms that in 1350 he had the good fortune to find in Arezzo, his native town, the Inſtitutions of this author, which till then he could never meet with. The manuſcript was mutilated and in a bad condition, but it was an intereſting diſcovery to him, and he wrote ſome lines to Quintilian to expreſs his joy. Good editions of this critic have been publiſhed by Gibſon, Burmannus, Rollin, and Henry Homer. [*Drake's Lit. Hours.*

[*CUMBERLAND, during his miſſion to the Court of Spain, had frequent opportunities to ſee what was moſt remarkable in that romantic country. But he appears to have been more ſtudious of the character and manners, than of the landſcapes of the country. His deſcription of the perſon and talents of Tiranna, a gipſy actreſs, of powers almoſt ſupernatural, will doubtleſs pleaſe our readers.*—Port Folio.]

I was not often tempted to the Theatre, which was ſmall, dark, ill furniſhed and ill attended, yet when the celebrated tragic actreſs known by the name of Tiranna, played, it was a treat, which I ſhould ſuppoſe no other ſtage then in Europe could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whoſe real name I do not remember, and whoſe real origin cannot be traced, till it is ſettled from what particular people we are to derive the outcaſt race of gipſies, was not leſs formed to ſtrike beholders with the beauty and commanding majeſty of her perſon, than to aſtoniſh all that heard her, by the powers that nature and art had combined to beſtow. My friend Count Pietra Santa, who had honourable acceſs to this great ſtage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager deſire I had to ſee her in one of her capital characters, telling her, at the ſame time, that I had been a writer for the ſtage in my own country: In conſequence of this intimation, ſhe ſent me word that I ſhould have notice from her when ſhe wiſhed me to come to the theatre; till when, ſhe deſired I would not preſent myſelf in my box upon any night though her name might be in the bill; for it was only when ſhe liked her part, and was in the humor to play well, that ſhe wiſhed me to be preſent.

In obedience to her meſſage, I waited ſeveral days, and at laſt received the looked-for ſummons. I had not been many minutes

the Theatre before ſhe ſent a mandate to me to go home; for that ſhe was in no diſpoſition that day for playing well, and ſhould neither do juſtice to her own talents nor to my expectations: I inſtantly obeyed this whimſical injunction, knowing it to be ſo perfectly in character with the capricious humour of this tribe. When ſome more than a week had paſſed, I was again invited to the Theatre, and permitted to ſet out the whole repreſentation. I had not then enough of the language to underſtand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepeſt caſt of Tragedy; for, in the courſe of the plot, ſhe murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the ſtage, lying on each ſide of her, while ſhe, ſitting on the bare floor, between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all deſcription) preſented ſuch a high wrought picture of hyſteric phrenzy, *laughing wild amid ſevereſt woe*, as placed her in my judgment at the very ſummit of her art; in fact, I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher; and ſuch was the effect upon the audience that, whilſt the ſpectators in the pit, having caught a kind of ſympathetic phrenzy from the ſcene, were riſing up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a cataſtrophe, probably too ſerious for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed.

A few minutes had elapſed when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box; the artificial paleneſs of her cheeks, her eyes which ſhe had dyed of a bright vermilion round the edges of the lids, her fair arms bare to the ſhoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profuſion of her diſhevelled locks, gloſſy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance or ſomething ſo more than human, ſuch a Sybil, ſuch an imaginary being, ſo awful, ſo impreſſive, that my blood chilled as ſhe approached me, not to aſk but to claim my applauſe, demanding of me if I had ever ſeen any actreſs that could be compared with her in my own or any other country. "I was determined," ſhe ſaid, "to exert myſelf for you this night; and if the ſenſibility of the audience would have ſuffered me to have concluded the ſcene, I ſhould have convinced you that I do not boaſt of my own performances without reaſon."

The allowances which the Spaniſh Theatre could afford to make to its performers were ſo very moderate that I ſhould doubt if the whole year's ſalary of the Tiranná would have more than paid for the magnificent dreſs, in which ſhe then appeared; but this and all other charges appertaining to her eſtabliſhment were defrayed from the coffers of the Duke of Oſuna, a grandee of the firſt claſs, and commander of the Spaniſh guards. This noble perſon found it indiſpenſably neceſſary for his honor to have the fineſt woman in Spain upon his penſion, but by no means neceſſary to be acquainted with her; and at the very time of which I am now ſpeaking, Pietra Santá ſeriouſly aſſured me that his excellency had indeed paid large ſums to her order, but had never once viſited, or even ſeen her. He told me, at the ſame time, that he had lately taken upon himſelf to remonſtrate upon his want of curioſity, and having ſuggeſted to his excellency how poſſible it was for him to order his equipage to the door and permit him to introduce him to this fair creature, whom he knew only by report and the bills ſhe had drawn upon his treaſurer, the Duke graciouſly conſented to my friend's propoſal, and actually ſet out with him for the gallant purpoſe of taking a cup of chocolate with his hitherto inviſible miſtreſs, who had notice given her of the intended viſit. The diſtance from the houſe of the grandee to the apartment of the gipſy was not great, but the lulling motion of the ſtate-coach and the ſoftneſs of the velvet cuſhions had rocked his excellency into ſo ſound a nap, that when his equipage ſtopped at the lady's door, there was not one of his retinue bold enough to undertake the invidious office of troubling his repoſe. The conſequence was, that after a proper time was paſſed upon the halt for this brave commander to have waked, had nature ſo ordained it, the coach wheeled round, and his excellency, having ſlept away his curioſity, had not, at the time when I left Madrid, ever caſt his eyes upon the perſon of the incomparable Tiranna. I take for granted my friend Pietra Santa drank the chocolate, and his excellency enjoyed the nap. I will only add, in confirmation of my anecdote, that the good Abbe Curtis, who had the honor of having educated this illuſtrious ſleeper, verified the fact.

Biography of Mr. CURRAN,
The Iriſh Orator.

Of all the opinions which have obtained a general currency, without being either founded in truth or ſanctioned by experience, there are none, perhaps, which have been ſo widely circulated as thoſe by which we are taught to believe, that the ſtudy of law is adverſe to the operation of genius, and that a lively imagination cannot be fettered to perſonal purſuits; that to be learned, a man muſt be dull, and that wit cannot be poſſeſſed but to the excluſion of induſtry.

Among the many examples which might be adduced from antiquity, or exhibited in modern times, to prove the futility of this dangerous conceit, Mr. Curran is not the leaſt ſtriking. No man has acquired higher reputation for thoſe powers which delight and captivate the fancy, touch the ſprings of paſſion, elicit tears from the ſoftneſs of ſenſibility, or extort from gravity itſelf the roar of laughter; yet has the aſſiduous induſtry and laborious exertions of this gentleman raiſed him from the humbleſt walk of life, in which his birth had placed him, to the firſt rank, if not the firſt place, at the Iriſh bar. He has not, indeed, attained high official ſituations, nor riſen to thoſe honors which are oftner the reward of judicious politics, than of profeſſional ability; but he has acquired that which is a ſtronger proof both of induſtry and of talent—the uncontеſted title of being the firſt advocate of his country.

Mr. Curran is about fifty years of age. He was born in the county of Cork, of parents who were undiſtinguiſhed by wealth or ſituation; who had neither a fortune by which they could have enabled the ſon to live independently, nor connections by which they could advance him to a profeſſion. They were, however, capable of giving him the rudiments of a liberal education, and that ſeems to be the only advantage which he derived from his family. Having qualified himſelf for the univerſity, he entered in the only character in which his circumſtances enabled him to appear, that of a *ſizer* in the college of Dublin; a ſituation of which the emoluments are trivial, while the marks of inferiority which diſtinguiſh it from that of the other ſtudents, are of the moſt mortifying kind. The ſizers have, indeed, their tuition free of expence; but they are obliged to keep the rolls of their tutors, and to attend the weekly diſtribution of the fines and puniſhments of the pupils. They have alſo their commons *gratis*, but they dine only on the fragments of the fellow's table, and are compellable to diſcharge, in the dining-hall, ſeveral menial ſervices.

In this ſituation did Mr. C. paſs his firſt year at the univerſity: nor did he appear, in point of pecuniary circumſtances, to ſtand at the head even of this humble claſs. It is a fact, that the man who poſſeſſed powers that could move the heart, charm the imagination, and guide the judgment of a ſenate or of a court, was often deſtitute of a whole coat!

At the uſual time (two years after entrance) he obtained a ſcholarſhip; by which, and by the emoluments ariſing from ſome petty offices generally beſtowed on ſcholars, he emerged from the diſtreſs in which he had been hitherto involved. The remainder of his college career is not marked by any peculiar circumſtances; he obtained the uſual honours with which the policy of the univerſity rewards induſtry and talents, and is ſaid to have made ſome progreſs in reading the laborious courſe which is preſcribed for fellowſhip candidates; but whether diſguſted with the drudgery, or deterred by the magnitude of the undertaking, he ſoon deſiſted from the purſuit, and turned his attention to the bar.

Previouſly to his becoming a ſtudent in the Inns of Court of London, Mr. Curran married a lady of his own country. This match appears to have been founded in inclination, for ſhe did not bring him a fortune ſufficient to compenſate the inconveniences into which ſuch a permanent connection muſt have thrown him. Of the means by which he was enabled to ſupport himſelf and wife, during his ſtudies in England, and afterwards to defray the expence of his call to the bar, nothing certain is known; it is natural to ſuppoſe,

however, that with talents like his, it would not be difficult to procure a livelihood by his literary exertions. But whatever might have been the mode by which his finances were supplied, it is certain that when he came to the bar, he was in extreme poverty. He refided in Caven-ftreet, Dublin, a place occupied entirely by the loweft clafs of people, and which, in point of *gentility*, is on a level with the leaft reputable part of Weftminfter.

Mrs. Curran had now brought him a child; and being unable to indulge in the practice fo common in Ireland, of fending their children to be nurfed abroad, fhe was obliged to undergo the labor of difcharging at once the duties of nurfe, houfewife, and cook. About this time he became a frequenter of a convivial fociety, originally formed by fome young barrifters, and called the *Monks of the Screw*. Although the members of this inftitution were poor, they were merry; the object of their meetings was to forget, in good fellowfhip, the cares of life, and relax the mind from the intenfenefs of legal ftudies. The devotion of the Monks, however, was promoted by humbler beverage than the juice of the grape, and their temple was nothing more than an upper-room in a Cavan-ftreet alehoufe. Poor as fuch a fociety muft have been, the circumftances of Mr. Curran were fo much more humble, that they were forwarded by his connection even with it. As the club affected to be *felect*, it became neceffary at length that they fhould have an apartment to themfelves; they therefore engaged one at a certain rent, and Mr. Curran was complimented with the ufe of it, for the refidence of his family, except only during thofe evenings on which the members affembled. He muft have been poor, indeed, who lodged in fuch a manfion!

Mr. Curran was not the only man of talents, who at that time belonged to this fociety, and whom a fubfequent difplay of genius, and of learning, raifed to eminence. The prefent Chief Baron of the Irifh Exchequer, Lord Yelverton, the early intimate and friend of Curran, was one of its original members. Though more fortunate than him in his political, as well as forenfic purfuits, the connection firft formed and cemented between them in the poverty of their early years (for Lord Yelverton, like Curran, had to ftruggle with the difficulties of a narrow fortune,) has continued through every viciffitude of fucceeding life, not only unbroken but in full ftrength. *(To be continued.)*

(The following inscription on the Mausoleum of CHARLES, Marquis of Rockingham, *was written by* EDMUND BURKE. *The composition discovers the traces of a master-hand. In the character we see a luminous example of virtue supported by power, —and a convincing proof that correct politics may be successful without the base arts of corruption, or a dereliction from the principles of common honesty and integrity.)* Tablet.

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"CHARLES, *Marquis of Rockingham*,—

"A ftatefman, in whom conftancy, fidelity, fincerity, and directnefs, were the fole inftruments of his policy. His virtues were his arts.

"A clear, found, unadulterated fenfe, not perplexed with intricate defign, or difturbed by ungoverned paffion, gave confiftency, dignity, and effect to all his meafures. In oppofition, he refpected the principles of government; in adminiftration, he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realizing every thing which he had propofed in a popular fituation. This was the diftinguifhing mark of his conduct. After twenty four years of his fervice to the public, in a critical and trying time, he left no debt of juft expectation unfatisfied.

"By his prudence and patience, he bro't together a party, which it was the great object of his labours to render permanent, not as an inftrument of ambition, but as a living depofitory of principle.

"The virtues of his public and private life were not, in him, of different characters. It was the fame feeling, benevolent, liberal mind, which, in the internal relations of life, conciliated the unfeigned love of thofe who fee men as they are, which made him an inflexible patriot. He was devoted to the caufe of liberty, not becaufe he was haughty and intractable, but becaufe he was beneficent and humane.

"Let his fucceffors, who from this houfe behold this monument, reflect that their conduct will make it their glory, or their reproach. Let them be perfuaded that fimilarity of manners, not proximity of blood, gives them an intereft in this ftatue.

"REMEMBER. RESEMBLE. PERSEVERE."

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

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THE GABBLER—No. I.

"Omnibus bonis expedit, salvam esse Rempublicam." CICERO.

"The patriot's bosom for his Country burns,
When safe, he pleasure feels, nor virtue spurns."

THE attention of mankind is never more effectually fecured than by varying fcenes of novelty. Whatever is *new* or *odd*, though it have no other *merit*, always gives pleafure, if it be not in *itfelf* difagreeable. "The eye is not fatisfied with feeing, nor the ear with hearing." Novelty lights up the flame of curiofity, and impels to action.

Turning to account this favorite *principle* in man, the GABBLER hopes to obtain a hearing. He cares not to give his hearers a complete *Hiftory* of his life; though they may be very curious to know whether he be an *Engliftman*, a *Frenchman*, or an *American*; whether *married* or *fingle*, *fober* or *gay*, with many other particulars neceffary to his being heard with pleafure. He thinks it enough, however, *to tell* them he is an *American*, fupports a good *character*, has read many fine Authors, and been "*to College*." He often intrudes himfelf into company, attends to the various topics of converfation, but, defiring to live in obfcurity, never takes an active part. Wifhing to get a thorough acquaintance with mankind, he frequently fpends long winter Evenings at the *Coffee-Houfe* on the green, or *Village-Hotel* in the country. Unnoticed by their drinking parties, their gaming parties, and political clubs,—is an avowed *enemy of partyifm*, and is refolved to obferve an exact neutrality between FEDS and DEMOS. The Gabbler, as his name imports, never fails of making known *his difcoveries*, but always keeps profound filence, till he comes among his familiar acquaintance. Tho' filent abroad, he is remarkably *inquifitive*, takes notice of every thing as he wanders from place to place, and carefully obferves the *manners* and *cuftoms* of *all claffes* of people. Though it may be natural for him to keep up a promifcuous *gabble* on every occurrence, yet he has a large fhare of delicacy, and never intends to break through the *thick hedge* of propriety. He will never encrimfon the fair cheek of modefty, nor wound the tender feelings of fenfibility. The lady who fhines in the pure robes of innocence may fafely venture within the *found* of the GABBLER's voice. To *her* it will be melodious, though not the fulfome praife of flattery and feduction; but as defiled conficience never needs accufing, his voice may feem unpleafant to the *many ears* of wantonnefs. As thofe that talk much are rarely, if ever, men of *great abilities*, no perfon can reafonably expect a brilliant difplay of talents or learning from a *humble Gabbler*. His intention is not to inftruct in fcience, but to ftrip the *monfter*, *vice*, of all his *borrowed* charms, to clothe the fair goddefs, Virtue, in her richeft attire, and perfuade, if poffible, *a few* to court her delightfome walks. He ridicules every fpecies of licentioufnefs, and kicks the obfcene and profane out doors. *Denique*, his beft endeavors fhall be, to

"Shoot jolly as it flies,
And catch the living virtues as they rise"

The *Gabbler* is far from thinking his fhattered intellects equal to thofe of the celebrated *Spectators*, *Ramblers*, *Tattlers*, and *Babblers* of *Europe*. To "follow afar off," or *at moft* to imitate them, either in ftyle or fentiment, will be the Gabbler's higheft attainment.

So great is his *thirft* "*pro bono publico*" that he will fpare no *coft*, nor *pains* to cultivate and polifh human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatever may be ufeful or ornamental to *Society*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By miftake the note enclofing the firft number of the GABBLER, has but juft come to the hand of the Editor, which will apologize for not doing juftice to the merits of his paper heretofore. A continuance of the communication is earneftly folicited.

We acknowledge the receipt of FLORIO's "Lines on Friendfhip," which will appear in a future number. His laft communication is not written with his ufual fpirit, and would add no credit to the fignature.

ZELO's firft attempt is received,—we do not fay it ought to be the laft; but we wifh him more fucceff in a fecond.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO THE OPULENT.

Ah ye! who meet ſtern Winter's frown,
Upheld by fortune's powerful hand,
Who ſee the chilling ſnow come down,
With all her comforts at command:

O! think of their leſs happy doom,
Whom Poverty's ſharp woes aſſail!
No ſparkling fire, no cheerful room,
Revives their cheek, cold, ſunk, and pale.

Deep howls the wind! the pelting rain
Drips through the ſhatter'd caſement cold;
While the ſad Mother's arms contain
Her infant's ſhivering in their fold:

In vain they raiſe their piteous cry,
And plead, at hungry Nature's call;
Their only food a mother's ſigh!
Their only warmth the tears that fall!

Stretch'd on his miſerable bed,
The wretched Father ſinks in grief;
Pale ſickneſs reſts upon his head,
And only hopes from Death relief.

The parent's tender, mournful eyes
Mingle their faint and humid beams:
Freſh woes from retroſpection riſe,
Freſh ſource from Mem'ry's fountain ſtreams!

O, Rich! the tranſport might be thine,
To ſoothe their ſuff'rings into peace!
To bid the Sun of comfort ſhine!
And want's oppreſſive empire ceaſe!

To ſee the glow of health return,
Reanimate their faded cheek!
Life's feeble ſpark, rekindled burn,
And give—what language cannot ſpeak!

On Fancy's pinion oft I roam,
With Pity, partner of my flight,
Forget awhile that grief's my own,
And taſte a ſoothing, ſweet delight:

Forget the *many* poignant woes,
That weigh this drooping form to earth;
Where reſtleſs Sorrow hopes repoſe,
'Scap'd from thoſe ills which gave it birth!

O! ye, embark'd for Pleaſure's ſhore,
Reſtrain awhile the fluttering ſail!
At Pity's call! retard the oar,
Nor let her plaintive pleading fail!

Address to a Village Church.

SAY, ancient edifice, thyſelf with years
Grown grey, how long upon the hill has ſtood
Thy weather-braving tower, and ſilent mark'd
The human leaf in conſtant bud and fall?
The generations of deciduous man,
How often haſt thou ſeen them paſs away?
How often has thy ſtill ſurrounding ſward
Yawn'd for the fathers of the peopled vale,
And clos'd upon them all! Thy during fane,
How often has it ſhed the dew of grace
On the mute infant, and receiv'd him ſoon
A coffin'd elder, ſilver-lock'd with age?
O tell me, reverend ſtructure, what events
Of awful import on the tide of time
Have floated by thee, as the bubble vain?
What armies on that diſtant hill engag'd,
To leave thoſe ſcars of war upon its brow?
What blood was ſhed, & why, & where ſleep now
The wrathful combatants of either hoſt?
Saw'ſt thou the hill its hungry entrails ope
To ſwallow the pale dead, which reaſon deems
Beneath the ſtill ſward ſlumber of yon mounts?
Princes and people (wouldſt thou make report)
Armies and fleets, haſt thou ſeen paſs away
Tranſient as vapours, and in thy eſteem
All things are yeſterday and recent change.
Speak, thou ſage preacher, and to make me wiſe,
Tell but that ancient ſecret, where ſleeps now
He, who thy aiſles deſign'd, or they who built?
"Deep, deep in earth—nor ſhall thy life ſuffice
"The mingled generations to remove,
"Whoſe bones and aſhes have enveloped theirs.
"Theſe my profound and monitory bell
"All to their ſtill graves ſummon'd, as it calls
"Now to his narrow, everlaſting couch,
"Yon villages departed! Aſk no more!
"Ere long, I toll for thee! Away—prepare!"

The following we extract from Moore's Anacreon. This Ode forms a contraſt with many to be found in that work, as it contains nothing to tinge the cheek of modeſty, or corrupt the moral ſenſe.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of ſtrength has Nature given.
When the Majeſtic bull was born,
She fenc'd his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courſer's foot of air,
And wing'd with ſpeed the panting hare.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's cryſtal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd ſcaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.
To man ſhe gave the flame refin'd,
The ſpark of heav'n—a thinking mind!
And had ſhe no ſurpaſſing treaſure,
For thee, oh woman! child of pleaſure?
She gave thee beauty—ſhaft of eyes,
That every ſhaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty—bluſh of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we muſt adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

A celebrated Drinking Song.

BY CAPT. MORRIS.

I've oft been aſk'd by proſing ſouls,
And men of ſober tongue,
What joys there are in draining bowls,
And tippling all night long;
But though theſe cautious knaves I ſcorn,
For once I'll not diſdain
To tell them why I drink till morn,
And fill my glaſs again.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,
Life's picture's mellow made;
The fading lights then brightly live,
And ſoftly ſinks the ſhade.
Some happier tint ſtill riſes there,
With every drop I drain,
And that I think's a reaſon fair,
To fill my glaſs again.

My muſe too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take;
But round the bowl he'll ſip and fly,
Like ſwallows round a lake:
Then, if the nymphs will have their ſhare,
Before they bleſs the ſwain;
Why that I think's a reaſon fair,
To fill my glaſs again.

In life I've rung all changes through,
Run every pleaſure down,
'Mid each extreme of folly too,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceives my brain;
And that I think's a reaſon fair,
To fill my glaſs again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a laſs grown old;
And as the leſſon ſtrikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold;
But wine awhile drives off Deſpair,
And bids gay Hope remain,
Why that I think's a reaſon fair,
To fill my glaſs again.

I find too, when I ſtint my glaſs,
And ſit with ſober air,
I'm proſed by ſome dull reaſoning aſs,
Who treads the path of care.
Or, harder ſtill, I'm doom'd to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling ſtrain;
And that I'm ſure's a reaſon fair,
To fill my glaſs again.

Though hipp'd and vex'd at England's fate,
In theſe convulſive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd ſtate
My ſober eye ſurveys.
But through the bottle's dazzling glare,
The gloom is ſeen leſs plain;
And that I think's a reaſon fair,
To fill my glaſs again.

But now I'll tell, to end my ſong,
At what I moſt repine;
This war has been as other wars,
No friend to good Port Wine:
For Port, they ſay, will ſoon be rare
As juice of France and Spain,
And that I think's a reaſon fair,
To fill my glaſs again.

A Cure for Impudence.

As a company of Mrs's. and Mrssrs. one day
Were ambitiouſly ſtriving their wit to diſplay,
The queſtion was rous'd, when the precepts of old
Forbade ev'ry lady her age to unfold.
A pert forward female, by inſolence fir'd,
Of a youth who as yet had not ſpoken, enquir'd,
What reply ſhould I make, taciturnean ſage,
Were ſome perſon deſirous of knowing my age?
Reply, ſaid the youth, by her inſolence pain'd,
That you have not to years of diſcretion attain'd.

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